WOMAN'S PAGE

THE ORDER OF CHRISTIAN HELPERS.

Makes a Specialty of Trained Nursing for the Poor.

New York, Aug. 7.—This is a sisterhood that may find a place in every community. Its duties are as imperative as those of a sister of charity. But its vows are not irrevocable. These duties are the care of the sick poor. The order of the Christian Helpers arose out of the exigencies of a physician and a clergyman—Dr. Arnold H. Catlin and Rev. Dr. Darlington, both of Brooklyn. The physician needed trained nurses for his poorer patients; the clergyman needed trained nurses for his poor parishioners.

Three women—mutual friends—Sister Mary, Sister Lydia and Sister Augusta, as they are now called, responded. The two physicians of the soul and of the body decided that, to be successful, a thorough working organization must be maintained. For six months the three sisters attended lectures on trained nursing, given by Dr. Catlin and other physicians who volunteered, and by a nurse graduate. At the end of that time, early one rainy morning last October, in the presence of a few witnesses, Dr. Darlington inaugurated the order of Christian Helpers.

The dress of the sisterhood, which is worn on all occasions is a dark blue serge skirt, blue Norfolk jacket, white collar and cuffs, white neckerchief and cap. On the street they wear over this a blue circular coat, made after the style of the old-fashioned "shaker coat." When nursing a prolonged illness the sanitary requirements of the order prescribe that they shall be dressed all in white. A few months ago one of the sisters lost her father. He bequeathed her a home, which she generously made over to the order, and it now has a home. Here they are always ready, day and night, for a "call." This comes through the telephone, and its summons is now so frequent that even with the addition of six new members they are unable to fulfill all of its demands.

When the summons comes, the sister whose turn it is seizes her "emergency bag" and is off. The emergency bag is the gift of interested friends. It is a leather satchel similar to that of an ambulance surgeon. This contains a combination hot water bag and syringe with three different nozzles, forceps, scissors, soap, bandages, tablets of bichloride of mercury, vaseline, talcum powder, medicated cotton, boracic acid, and an alcohol lamp. Strange as it may be, in the homes of the poor it is often impossible to get hot water so that the lamp is an important item. Over all these is folded the nursing apron, which is large enough to envelope the whole figure.

Strange and pathetic are the experiences of the sisters of the order of the Christian Helpers. Brief as is the age of the order, its work has traveled as far as Oregon and England. In the far away State a branch is in contemplation, and Lady Aberdeen is in correspondence with them with a view to starting a branch in England, in which case one of the sisters will give the necessary training. The work appeals to women who cannot afford to give up their lives to any work, yet desire to spend some time in working for others. Women who have sorrows find consolation in philanthropic work. The order of Christian Helpers finds opportunity for such, yet releases them when they desire to retake their own lives, exacting only a month's warning. But a year of study and practical work is required before a sister is considered trained.

The order is supported in various ways. The school girls of St. Mary's at Garden City support one sister, and the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral School support another. Thus this beneficent service shares its responsibilities and its good work.

MRS. JACK ASTOR'S KITCHEN.

Cook, Bake, Broil and Barbecue Amid Marble and Cut Glass.

New York, Aug. 7.—Not the least attractive apartment in the modern house is the kitchen, and if the house happens to be the home of a millionaire, this room, although it may not be hung with rare tapestry, as was the kitchen of Mme. de Montpensier, is more than attractive; it is fascinating.

At least, this is the case in the Astor, Vanderbilt and Gould mansions, where the coffers, skillets and ironware alone are almost objects of art.

Take the new house of Mrs. Jack Astor, on upper Fifth avenue, for instance. The kitchen, with its suite of rooms, occupies nearly the whole of a large basement. There is the kitchen proper, the scullery, the vegetable room, the bread and pastry room, and a small sanctum for the cook—where menus can be studied and arranged, and conferences held with the maids.

To begin with the floor—the scullery maids are down on their knees every morning, often as early as 4 o'clock, giving it a scrubbing which makes it shine like a waxed floor. Above the wainscoting of tiles the walls are painted a dull gray to harmonize with the color of the tiles. Perhaps the most conspicuous furnishings of the room are the brightly burnished coppers of every conceivable shape and size. The roasting pans and frying pans are enameled, and many of the utensils are nickel—if not silver—plated. These, together with porcelain-lined saucepans, folding gridirons, flesh forks, oyster broilers and larding needles, have hooks and shelves on either side of the range, which is a mammoth affair, divided into compartments—here a place for broiling and there one for roasting. There is a hood above the range to catch odors, and an electric fan to carry them off.

In addition to the range is an open fireplace, where birds and fowls are roasted; here one sees all the old-fashioned paraphernalia—cranes, pothooks, spits, skewers, a trivet and a jack.

The oaken dressers have glass doors of diamond-shaped panes of glass, but the bright particular innovation of this fin-de-siecle kitchen is a large table which stands over against the range; it is a metal table, and constructed in such a way that it can be heated by means of pipes which are laid about the under part of the table; the object of the hot metal table is to serve as a receptacle for the different dishes as they are taken from the fire, that they may not grow cold while undergoing the process—always more or less elaborate—of decoration, before being borne forth on costly dishes, by liveried footmen, to the dining-room.

Only the more substantial parts of the dinner are cooked in the kitchen proper; a little room, separated by glazed sliding doors at one side, is the "pastry room;" here is where the dainties are manufactured; a marble-top pastry table and a hollow glass rolling-pin, which can be filled with ice, are features of the pastry room. Perhaps the most alluring objects are the rows of ramekins and molds for jelly, aspic and puddings; they are of every shape—melons, birds, birds' nests, swans, doves, cornucopias—every form that can be imagined. Gas stoves only are used here.

In the room where the vegetables are prepared are enough knives and vegetable-cutters to stock a cutlery establishment. The mill is that part of the kitchen where mills for coffee, pepper, ginger and such like things abound. In the Astor establishment coffee is roasted and ground only as it is needed.

The ruling genius of the kitchen and its suite is the chef, under whom is an assistant cook, whose duty it is to keep account of supplies received, and to make note of articles needed.

Mrs. Astor usually makes out the menu for the day, although this duty is often delegated to the chef, or even to the assistant.

Three kitchen maids and a scullery maid who presides over the destinies of the scullery, a room spotless in its white paint and tiles, complete this branch of the menage.

There are no patent dish-washers, but a white tile-lined sink, with dish-drainers and grooves galore.

Taking it all in all, the modern kitchen has an aesthetic beauty all its own, even if its mission pertains more to the prose than the poetry of life.

LOVE-MAKING AS A STUDY.

Facial Expression and Soulful Modulation Taught at $5 an Hour.

New York, Aug. 7.—The man who is charmed by a young woman's fascinating manner these days can have no assurance that it is not all a delusion and a snare set to entrap him. It is a thought fit to drive man to the monastery, but there is no evading the fact that society girls have taken up the art of love-making as a study. The girls at Newport and Bar Harbor are at this very moment putting into practice the lessons which they learned last winter, with what success we shall see at the autumn harvest of October weddings.

This new study is of necessity divided into several branches, of which facial expression and artistic posing are the most important. A Boston woman conceived the idea—shall we say with a view to lessening the proportion of unmarried women in her native State?

In the quiet studio in the modern Athens where is enshrined the goddess whose fairy wand confers these gifts, the girls whose fond papas have sufficiently well-filled pocketbooks may learn a perfect system of controlling the muscles of the face and producing at will any emotion desired—or more correctly, its expression. This is truly a harrowing idea. Think of the defenseless condition of the susceptible young man when a pretty girl's natural fascinations are enhanced by this most objectionable and pernicious alliance with art, while even the least attractive young woman may acquire the dangerous charm of brilliant play of expression.

In a guileless youth of soulful nature (and large bank account) the destined victim? Then her figure droops into an exquisite languor, hands loosely clasped on the lap, head thrown slightly backward with a gentle inclination to one side, eyes uplifted just a trifle. She is a breathing statue of Reflection! And the guileless youth gazes upon the tender grace in every line and curve of the lissome body, the rapt pensiveness of the dreamy face, with a reverent admiration that needs only sufficient application of Greek posing to develop into a sentiment more ardent.

But suppose it is a man of the world, a trifle blase, perhaps, who is to be subjugated. The clever young creature who is versed in the up-to-date aesthetic physical culture knows entirely too much to try the "sentimental-reflective" on him! She is artless but not "bread-and-buttery," she is light-hearted, but not frivolous, she looks up into his eyes with a gay coquetry that is distinctly provocative, but at the slightest hint of presumption on his part she draws a mantle of chilling reserve about her slight form while her mobile face expresses reproachful surprise. Of course, he is contrite for having misjudged her and shows it. She responds to his unspoken plea for pardon with a generous and novel alluring sweetness. Forgiveness and restored confidence speak from every movement of the pliant figure, every glance of the changeful eyes.

It may be urged that girls have done all this ever since the world began. Most true, but—only the exceptionally clever girls born with a reasonable amount of beauty and an unreasonable amount of brains. The vital point of the new art is that any girl, bright or dull, pretty or plain, can acquire the power of fascinating, by means of statuesque poses, exquisite grace of movement, and flexible facial muscles. Some can learn the art, or enough for an effective beginning, in a dozen lessons of an hour each (at $5 a lesson, be it understood). Others, less gifted by nature, spend an entire season with but scant result, but no one can give herself with any seriousness of purpose to the science of charming, for a year without acquiring an allurement vouchsafed by nature to the very few. No matter how awkward and angular the debutante may be, a year of "Greek posturing," the "Delphic dance" and the "Penelope web" will convert her into a creature of grace and beauty who counts her victims by the score. The Delphic dance is a series of slow, rhythmic movements in which arms, legs and torso alike take part. It is intended to develop grace of motion in the entire body by giving absolute control of the muscles and joints. The dance is accompanied by dreamy, waltz-like music and is extremely pretty as well as practical.

The student sways from side to side, backward and forward, sinks now upon one knee and now upon the other, rises so slowly that the movement is almost imperceptible, hovers like a butterfly, with extended arms, and sinks again in a graceful abandon to the floor. It may not be all grace at first, but it is pretty certain to be before the lessons end.

The Penelope web is designed to train the hand to graceful movement and develops flexibility in the fingers. A frame holding a tapestry stands before the pupil, who, seated in a Greek chair, is required to imitate the movements of arms, fingers and hands in weaving and raveling. The natural awkwardness changes into charming grace under this exercise with wonderful rapidity. This, too, is accompanied by slow music, dreamy as the siren strains that sought in vain to keep Ulysses from his faithful Penelope.

The voice also is carefully trained, and conversation becomes almost a song, so exquisitely modulated are its tones, so rhythmical its melody, and when the aesthetico-physical culture girl has graduated, let the man who is unwilling to be captured seek safety in flight. It is his only hope, for Merlin is still helpless before Vivian's charm of "woven paces and of waving hands."

BITS OF PARIS STAGE GOSSIP.

Maurel as Co-respondent—Chaminade May Cross the Atlantic.

Paris, Aug. 8.—The scramble of artists to secure the pickings of the concert touring season is going merrily on here just now. The merriment is likely to change its tone in a short time, however, for the season threatens to be very much overdone, and many of the hopeful singers and musicians are likely to come to grief.

Manager Johnson has engaged: Ysaye, violinist, at 100 francs a night for one hundred concerts; Nordica, at 200 francs a night; Pugno, the French pianist, and Josef Hoffman, formerly known to admiring New Yorkers as "the boy pianist," but who is now a grown man, and demands 60 francs a night for his services.

Manager Hirschberg has on his list for concert tours: Marcella Sembrich, soprano, and Salignac, tenor, who, by the way, was not much of a success at the opera last winter. Bevignani will be the conductor. It is understood that the husband of Mme. Sembrich is the financial end of the combination. The alto and baritone will be engaged in America, so that talent on that side of the water should be on the qui vive.

Another interesting item of operatic gossip is that Melba has a goodly sum invested in the coming opera season, and people who know Melba's little peculiarities of temper are wondering what she will do if matters are not to her liking when the season starts. This financial complication introduced by Melba into the vexations operatic whirl will make matters additionally interesting to those who are able to stand off and watch the fun.

Maurel has been named as co-respondent in the divorce suit which the husband of Mme. Saville has instituted against the latter in England. Maurel's domestic troubles have been further complicated by a a suit which his wife is about to bring against him in Paris, so that the popular singer can be forgiven for looking sad these days.

Calve has astounded the tuft-hunters by positively declining to obey the command of the Queen of England to come over and sing to her. The prima donna's doctor having ordered her to rest, the Queen's contrary order was treated with contempt. Calve is something of a queen herself, and accustomed to consult Calve regarding whose orders she shall obey.

Manager Wolfsohn has for two years been advertising M'lle Chaminade to give compositions of her own, but the lady has not been well enough to entertain an offer. This year when Wolfsohn wanted to make terms, M'lle Chaminade promptly demanded $10,000 deposit. Mr. Wolfsohn retorted with a demand for a deposit of equal amount, to which the popular composer and pianiste would not agree; consequently Chaminade will probably make her New York debut during the Lenten season, under private management. M'lle Chaminade will play her own piano compositions and be assisted by some well-known singer. She already has an offer from a wealthy New Yorker for the first recital at his Fifth Avenue house.

THE TYPICAL WORKING GIRL.

"If you must work, and if you like good pay and short hours, as, of course, you do, whether you're man or woman, choose the trade in which fewest women are employed," say the economists.

It is just possible, to be sure, that the making of playing cards is an exception. The trade doesn't seem to conform to the rule, at any rate. Less than half a dozen factories supply the country's demand for queens, kings, deuces and the rest of the card family. Cardmaking is a trade of which very little is heard, and scarcely more than a thousand women have found their way into it. And yet the highest wages any one of them receives is $7 a week. To the skilled mechanic that seems a pitifully small sum on which to live for seven days. Such things are relative, however. It all depends on your ideals. If your desire is like the cardmaker's, to work all day every day in the year, go home and lie down on the lounge, sew or go to a party or to visit your friends, then $7 a week may be entirely satisfactory. Apparently there is no spirit of comradeship among the cardmakers. What strikes the outsider most forcibly about the card factory workers is the literalness with which they have taken old Thomas a'Kempis' injunction to mind their own business.

"Seven dollars a week isn't so bad," says Essie Vassar, who has been working at the trade for eight years. "It's only the finishers get that. Most of the girls who cut and trim and paste get from $4 to $6. Finishing requires a great deal of experience. You have to have very quick eyes, so you can detect the slightest imperfection in the design on the back of the cards, and you have to count them as you go along. A finisher handles about 10,000 cards a day, and if she lets one ever so slightly imperfect slide through she is likely to get discharged. The other day in our shop a finisher who had worked there for ten years was discharged for letting a card go through that no one but a gambler or a card manufacturer would ever have noticed. The foreman said if she had been a new hand he wouldn't have done it, but she had been there long enough to know better. They have to be very strict or the girls would all get careless. The perfect cards are for gamblers' use. They only use a deck once, and if there was the slightest difference in the backs of any two cards they might be accused of cheating. The ones that are thrown aside by the finisher are sold to ordinary players.

"Seven dollars isn't such bad pay, though, anyway. It's higher than a girl will get in most trades, and cardmaking isn't season work. In most trades you'll find there's a lot of work for a few months, and then nothing at all. Of course, you have your time to do something else, but I'd rather work at something that's steady all the year around. Then you know what you've got. There's my father. He's a stone mason, and gets such big wages—$4 a day. They used to say in the shop when there was talk of slack times, and we were liable to be laid off, that I oughtn't to mind, because I had a father who got $4 a day and could support me. But I just kept account last year and his wages averaged $13 a week. You can't live very well on that, especially if you have sickness and trouble, as we've always had. My mother was sick for years of cancer, and my sister has been blind since she was five years old.

"At cardmaking you work right along all the year around. You hardly ever have more than two weeks off, and the girls who get into it stick at it. They say it's a sure sign you'll be an old maid if you get into a card shop. There's one lady in our factory who's been there for eighteen years. The other day a lady who used to work there years ago and left to get married, came back and asked for work. She offered to work for $6. Of course, that spoils it. The boss might have cut us all down to $6. No; it wouldn't do a bit of good to strike. The girls in one department tried it once. Fifteen out of twenty struck, but the firm just got machines that do the work of ten girls, and only require two girls to attend to them.

"Of course, just turning the cards over, 10,000 of them a day, is very monotonous work, but after a while you do it without thinking about it at all. You can talk some, and even think about other things. Your eyes and hands seem to work by themselves. It's very tiresome though. Sometimes when I get home I lie down on the sofa and go right to sleep, I am so tired. Once in a while I take up a book, but usually when I don't go to sleep I sew or go to see friends. The other night I was going on the street cars to visit a friend, and I thought I'd read one of Mrs. Holmes' novels on the way, but I think a girl looks so conspicuous reading a book on a car, so I hid mine under my cape and didn't look at it.

"Most of the girls have good homes, I guess. They either live with their parents or with friends. Most of the girls have a lady friend who works in the shop with her. They go around together to parties and entertainments and dances. We don't have much to do with each other in the shop or outside, so I haven't been in many of the other girls' houses. We are pleasant to each other, but we don't meet outside. Each one has their own friends I suppose. There is tale bearing and unpleasantness, I think, if the girls are chumming outside the factory. I know two or three of the girls in the shop belong to working girls' clubs and they tell about the good times they have, but I guess most girls are like myself, they like their homes and in the evening when they get home they stay there to visit their own friends. That's the nicest way, I think. I don't believe young ladies who work for a living like to be reminded that they are working girls when they are outside the shop. Anyway, most of them don't intend to be working girls all their days, so what's the use of getting into working girl's clubs and unions and such things?"

THE VERANDA GIRL.

Revenge.

"John," she said, thoughtfully, "tomorrow is the birthday of that little Jones boy next door."

"What of it?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," she replied, "only I happened to recall that Mr. Jones gave our Willie a drum on his birthday."

"Well, do you think I feel under any obligations to him for that?" he asked, irritably. "If you do you are mistaken. If I owe him anything it's a grudge."

"Of course," she answered, sweetly. "That's why I thought that perhaps you might want to give the Jones boy a big brass trumpet."

"The most resourceful woman in the world!" he exclaimed, delightedly. And the Jones boy got the trumpet.—Chicago Post.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BIOGRAPHY.

When to Begin, How to Begin and How to Finish.

The photographic biography is one of the possibilities of our day. This is the newest way in which to write—or rather record—a person's history, and, although it may become an old volume as years roll on, age increases the pleasure to be derived from it. Therefore the older the book the more interesting is it to the owner, and succeeding generations will prize it even more than the person who prepared it.

To be more explicit and explain what a photographic biography is let it be said that it consists of a collection of photographs of an individual taken at brief intervals and at different places, which, bound in a book, illustrates that person's life through the medium of pictures instead of by the use of type.

Science has made great strides in photography within a decade, and cameras, which were so expensive that they were regarded as luxuries to be purchased by the few, are now in the hands of nearly every tourist one meets. The users know all about them, except, perhaps the reasons why certain chemicals act thus and so, and one can take the photograph of anything and present the finished picture on a card for the trifling sum of 10 cents, making duplicates at almost half that figure. This has made it possible to compile a family pictorial history at a slight expense.

It is one thing to tell what this kind of a history is, but the main point is to describe plainly how to set about to perfect one of which the compiler may be proud. Any time of life is suitable to make the beginning, for some biographies do not begin until one thinks one is growing old. But, if possible, begin young. Start, then, with the photographs of your child, if you have one, and I might say, if you have none, marry and thus enjoy the full benefits of your subject, for with a subject of this kind it will be an added happy task, this making of the picture history.

See that you "catch" the pictures at opportune moments when a pretty scene is presented and a pleasing expression is to be obtained. A mother can tell when the time is ripe for a pretty picture, for she wishes many times a day that she could catch the smile upon her infant's face, and keep it indelible in some form. Have a setting for it that will remind you of some particular place or event, and you have a double memory preserved forever. Take the pictures not at any stated intervals, but whenever a certain occasion suggests it to you that you would like to keep a record in picture of what you are taking pleasure in. Allow the photographer to make the prints if you have not the time, but do not let him mount them on cards. When on cards they are soon soiled, torn or thrown away, and this is the one reason why the plan of keeping the pictures in a book is advocated. The photographs that are put upon cards do very well to send away to friends, and to place about the room or upon the parlor table, but they must be unmounted to be pasted in a book or upon cards to be bound later into a volume.

The photographer cannot make the book for you, as he does not know as much as you about arranging them in the order you want them, and he is sure to make a mistake, no matter how clear your directions may be, and besides your ideas in regard to this make up the attractiveness. The thought expended in designing certain pictures for ovals, some for round views and others for diamond-shaped will repay one, and it depends on the scene how it can be treated. Save these pictures in a box marked "Preserved for future use," or you will discover that some one has packed them off when cleaning house.

When you have a small quantity of these unmounted prints place them in tepid water for a few minutes that they may soften, so you may the easier handle them with the paste. Spread them with the face downward upon a bath towel, that they may lose some of the superfluous water, and apply the paste brush to the one which is uppermost. Lay it upon your large card of gray tint, which should be large enough to hold six pictures, if the size be 4x5 inches, and when straight with the edges of the card place over it a smooth towel and you will find that you can apply pressure to them that way the better.

Either use the flat of the hand to smooth the print and make the edges adhere, or, better still, use a rubber roller, which is manufactured for that purpose. This is quite a secret in the art, and without knowing this little feature the endeavor would become an utter fizzle. Then lay the cards with clean paper between them underneath a pile of books, and in a day or two they will be dry enough to insure the cards remaining flat. If a high polish is desired, take them to a photographer, and for a trifle he will burnish them. These cards can then be joined into a book by puncturing small holes in each and running a tape through all. When thirty cards have been completed, the book will be thick enough to have the binder do his share.

An important feature in the making of these biographies is to inscribe the date and place where taken beneath each picture, with any brief remarks that may be apropos. This will enable one to read the history like a book, telling where the person was at certain periods, and what scenes he was enjoying at the time. One thing can facetiously be said of such a volume, a child can read it. The illustrations show the idea carried out in regard to choosing a subject, selection of a pretty incident or scene, and always advisable is it to have the picture represent a scene that occurs in daily life, and not be a conventional, studied posing of the subject.

ONLY WOMAN "F. R. G. S."

Mrs. May French Sheldon, who was made an honorary member of the Anthropological Society of Washington some years ago, was then one of four women claiming that honor. She has recently had another and greater honor awarded her, having been elected the only woman member of the English Royal Geographical Society, and now can write the magical letters "F. R. G. S." after her name, in connection with Livingston, Speke, Cameron and Stanley. Mrs. French Sheldon was born in New York, but many people consider her an English woman, owing to her having been educated in London, where her home now is. She is a woman of many and varied talents—an accomplished musician, a good painter and an excellent sculptor. She has lately finished a portrait bust of Henry M. Stanley, which is said to be admirable. Mrs. French-Sheldon's African explorations, which added so materially to the fund of knowledge relating to the "Dark Continent," were conducted entirely at her own expense. She is very pretty and vivacious, and does not in the least suggest the so-called strong-minded woman of (modern) ancient history.

In Midsummer.

Watching the reaper in the harvest field—
The mingled pathos of the falling grain,
And summer's glory, now so soon to wane—
A new life-picture seems to me revealed;
How gently Nature's leading is concealed!
How deftly she deceives the eye and brain,
While airs and scents, intoxicating, feign
A youth-time in the year so soon to yield!

As we implore no season to delay,
But follow eagerly the brave advance
Of bird and bud, of kernel, fruit and frost;
So, kindly Fate beguiles our haunted way
With dear Delusions that before us dance
And pipe the music of "The World well Lost."

—Harper's Magazine for August.